



"Corregidor is but a barren war-worn rock . . . yet it symbolizes within itself that priceless, deathless thing, the honor of a nation. Until we lift our flag from its dust, we stand unredeemed before mankind. Until we claim the ghastly remnants of its last gaunt garrison, we can but stand humble supplicants before Almighty God. There lies our Holy Grail." — Gen DOUGLAS MacARTHUR commemorating anniversary of the fall of Corregidor.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



In the period immediately following attack upon Pearl Harbor, there was a great deal of talk concerning a probable air attack by Axis powers. Civilian Defense took on a new and graver aspect. There was serious discussion of bomb shelters and gas-masks for civilians.

But that was seventeen months ago. Nothing has happened. And the public conviction that nothing will happen has become rather firmly molded. This apathy is the greatest obstacle now confronting Civilian Defense.

It is interesting, therefore, to observe that our military leaders do not share this complacency. There is a growing conviction that air raids are more probable now than a yr ago—but for quite different reasons.

Our war production is now so large—so diversified—and our defenses so powerful, that any serious and sustained attempt to cripple our output thru aerial bombardment is improbable. Yet there's very real reason to expect a desperate Axis to turn to air attacks upon us, for the internal propaganda effect. "Of course they can do it" the experts say, quite frankly. It CAN and MAY happen here!

In the graphic, if rather inelegant language of a high official with whom we talked recently: "The firing of a single privy in outlying Arlington would be enough to set off Berlin and Tokio radios with frenzied claims that all Washington was ablaze."

Yes, in the nation's capitol, they're really anticipating an air attack—probably somewhere on the east coast—and soon.

WORLD WEEK

Quote

prophesies . . .

EUROPEAN INVASION: We have, up to this time, been rather cagey in our time commitments. It is now our conviction that some definite invasion effort will be made before July 1. Tragic death of Gen Andrews will demand some rearrangement of plans, but probably no fundamental change.

ANTI-STRIKE: Connally bill, first anti-strike legislation to pass Senate, should move quickly thru House. Significance is that it sets up WLB as final arbiter of contract differences. May be needed in case Lewis proves recalcitrant.

The occupation of Mateur, and continuing Allied progress signalize something more than the attainment of prized objectives. These successes attest to the seasoning of our troops, the abundance and superiority of our material. For once, we appear to have had enough, and in time.

This display of gallantry under fire must be as depressing to the enemy as it is heartening to our commanders. It is not an exaggeration to say that this week's exhibition has sealed the doom of Axis ambitions. This is not an intimation that fighting is near an end in Tunisia. Actual occupation of powerfully-fortified Bizerte may well prove a bitter, costly siege. While it is folly to speculate at this distance, it is entirely possible that the capital city, Tunis, may fall before Bizerte is in our hands.

Some observers predict that the enemy, forced out of Tunis and Bizerte, may retreat to Cape Bon, the foremost African extremity, there to make a sacrificial stand comparable to our desperate occupation of Corregidor. This is possible; it seems to us improbable. The situations are not parallel. So long as our troops held Corregidor, the Japanese were barred from utilizing Manila harbor. There is no comparable gain in the hopeless occupation of Cape Bon. It would seem that these seasoned troops would be of more value in the defense of some enemy-held Mediter-

anean island. Thus a desperate evacuation effort is to be expected.

SOUTH PACIFIC: American forces are now "37 mi nearer Tokio", with the establishment of a new base in Russell islands, north of Guadalcanal. Meanwhile, the enemy works desperately to bolster outer defenses against gradually tightening ring of American bases.

The course of battle in this area is not at the moment productive of black headlines, but is by no means static. U S heavy bombers have now reached the China theatre and are already in action. This means, succinctly, that we now are within reach of some of Japan's homeland cities. It can be written with a good deal of confidence that *this summer will see the direct bombing of Japanese industries by land-based planes.*

COAL SITUATION: As matters stand today, Lewis is already a winner. On basis of his May 2nd talk with Ickes, he has gained 6-day wk (some mines worked six days, but shifts were so arranged miners worked only 5 days. Now they are to work full 6 days, with time-and-a-half for 6th day). Ickes also agreed to recommend elimination of "blacksmithing charges", a practice whereby men are obliged to pay for repairs on tools. At same time he promised full investigation of reported exorbitant company commissary charges. Lewis will, of course, try for further concessions.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"No ration points; no butter."—Manager, Senate restaurant, explaining why solons were obliged to munch dry biscuits.

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"Oh, I just never got around to it."—Miss GEORGETTE A. WHEATLEY, 65-yr-old Pullman employe, who retired after 39 yrs of service, without having ever taken a train trip.

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"I'm not mad, really. I'm an easy-going Irishman."—WM M. JEFFERS, Rubber Co-Ordinator, discussing his feud with Army officials over priorities.

" "

"The tremendous forward movement of the United States and the united nations cannot be stopped by our enemies. Equally, it must not be hampered by any one individual or by the leaders of any one group here at home."—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, addressing American coal miners.

" "

"If the American people are over-enthusiastic in drafting a post-war program now, they will be lulled into a false notion that victory is close at hand."—From a report of the Foreign Relations committee of the American Legion.

" "

"Millions of Italians suffer from 'the African illness.' There is only one cure—a return to Africa. And we will return."—BENITO MUSSOLINI, in a balcony oration, celebrating a Fascist party rally.

" "

"It's a wonderful place to go crazy in; nobody would notice it."—IRVIN S. COBB, on his first visit to wartime Washington.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"It (the strike) is no longer a controversy between employer and employe, but a test between the strength of a group of working men and the gov't itself."—JOHN L. LEWIS, in Dec 1919, recommending to miners' policy committee that it direct men to return to work. The committee did so. WM GREEN, now pres of AFofL, then sec'y of miners union, observed at strike's end: "We could have whipped the coal operators, but we could not, if we had wanted to, whip the strongest gov't on earth, our gov't, which has just finished whipping Germany."

" "

"Nothing that is bad for the economy of this nation is good for common stocks, and anything that is good for America is good for the shares of American industry."—EMIL SCHRAM, pres. N. Y. Stock Exchange, warning against move to purchase stocks "as an inflation hedge."

" "

"Congestion and babies don't go together. The future of the West depends not merely on industrial activity, water power and highways, but on our ability to produce a primary crop—babies."—LEWIS MUMFORD, prof of humanities, Stanford U.

"It is our conviction the greatest patriots' contribution to the war effort of a young mother is to stay home and take good care of her children." Rev WM A. O'CONNOR, director Catholic Charities, Chicago.

" "

"No war worker is so unimportant that he can afford an accident."—NAT'L SAFETY COUNCIL.

"Franklin Roosevelt's life proves a dictatorship would be as abhorrent to him as it was to Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln . . . Regardless of his wishes, he will be drafted for a 4th term. His retirement would endanger the lives of 10 million American Boys."—Gov M M. NEELEY, W Va, in Town Hall of The Air.

" "

"Four more yrs of Roosevelt means four more yrs of Harry Hopkins, four more yrs of gov't lame ducks, repudiated at the polls and given higher offices in exchange for political slavery."—Sen STYLES BRIDGES, N H, opposing Gov NEELEY in debate.

"Self-supporting." — Response of KENNY BAKER, radio singer, when asked what his parents had wanted him to become.

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"I'm ready to go back to the battle front and listen to the boys in foxholes, rather than the citizens here beefing about their little rationing problems."—Sgt HUGH FAWCETT, of Pittsburgh, on leave from the South Pacific. "I'm used to griping" he concluded, "but . . ."

Quote

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The Hess Story—The true Hess story has not been told because Churchill and Roosevelt believed it could serve no useful purpose. A few details must still be kept dark; but this much can be revealed:

Two yrs ago this wk Rudolf Hess landed in Scotland. He did not "escape." He came on Hitler's explicit orders. His arrival was expected by a limited number of Britishers; he actually had an RAF escort in final stage of his journey!

Early in '41 Hitler decided on "holy war" against Russia. He had failed to knock out western democracies. The alternative was an understanding with Britain which would leave Germany free to attack Russia.

Hitler put out a test feeler in Jan '41, directed to a group of influential Britishers including Duke of Hamilton. A reply asked for more information. Berlin offered to send a delegate to London — Cambridge-educated Ernest Wilhelm Bohle. Several important foreign journalists were told Bohle was being groomed for a big secret mission. The story was planted in Turkish and S American papers to test British reaction. When wks passed and British did not pick up the story, the Fuehrer decided Bohle was not the right man. A really big Nazi would have to go. One who could speak officially for the German gov't. Providence had given Germany just the man—Hess.

After Hitler transmitted his supreme offer—to send his own Deputy and closest friend—there was a long delay. Finally, on May 10, Hess flew into the twilight.

The one thing Germans did not know was that they were negotiating with agents of British Secret Service, under names and handwriting of Duke of Hamilton and other gentry of Anglo-German Fellowship Ass'n. The fact is, the original communication, in January,

brought personally by an eminent diplomat, was intercepted by the Secret Service. From then on, correspondence was handled by astute British agents. Replies encouraging the supposition that Britain was seeking a way out were sent to Berlin.

Despite the fact that Hitler, that night, was unloading 500 tons of noisy death on London, the hostile plane was promptly detected far up on the eastern coast of Scotland.

Hess Family

Wm. Thorne, Laborite member British house of commons told members this wk of report that Rudolph Hess' wife and son, variously reported in Germany and Italy, are actually in London with him. He announced his intention of seeking an investigation of the rumor.

Personnel of Fighter Command are still puzzled by their chief's hoarse shout, "For God's sake, tell them not to shoot him down!" Two Hurricanes took off to trail the mystery plane, with orders not to shoot at it.

The forced landing, 10 mi from the Hamilton estate, was the only hitch in the plan. Meanwhile, a reception committee of Military Intelligence officers and Secret Service agents awaited Hess at the private aerodrome on the Hamilton estate. (The Duke of Hamilton was in the British army and had no knowledge of these developments—Ed Quote.)

Hess, believing he was dealing with a Fellowship intermediary, presented his plan to Ivone Kirkpatrick, a direct representative of the British gov't. He was enthusiastic and voluble. The stenographic report filled many note books. He was convinced Britain was licked and must accept Fuehrer's generous offer. Not until he was "talked out" was he told that his whole plan had short-circuited.

Hess demanded to be sent back to Germany. The British gov't responded that since he had come as an emissary to private individuals he should become a special prisoner of war. He remains on a large English estate with considerable freedom of movement about well-guarded grounds.—Condensed from an Anonymous article, "The Inside Story of The Hess Flight," *American Mercury*, 5-'43.

Diffident Invitation

Will you come to dinner Wednesday?

There'll be very little meat,
There'll be precious little coffee,
And you will not get it sweet,
There'll be bread already buttered,

Buttered, wisely, very thin,
There'll be artichokes, or cabbage,

And it won't be from a tin. . .

But there'll be some old companions

In old suits and last year's shoes,

There'll be very old French brandy

(Which we'll thank you to refuse).

Come and take pot-luck on Wednesday

While our ration books permit,
Come and share in our privation,
Come and help us eat our bit.

—IRWIN EDMAN, *The Nation*.

BRAVERY—Juvenile

Bravery doesn't come suddenly, as if, on a certain date, Nature said: "Now, small boy, small girl, you are grown up. Open your box of bravery. Now's the time to use it."

Bravery is something that has to be wrought into the texture of life as we grow from stage to stage. If parents prophesy calamity, have no gallant passion for making a brave new world, the child will lack fine, frank, forward-looking courage.—HARRY A OVERSTREET, "This New World—Is it Brave?", *Nat'l Parent-Teacher*, 4-'43.

COMPLAINT

Into the office of Frank Sturm, Chicago, area rent control administrator, walked a worried man. "Who's my landlord?" he asked a clerk. "He's the man you pay your rent to," he was told. "I don't pay no rent." The man explained that nine years ago he had moved into a vacant house. "Well, then if that's the case, what is your complaint?" "My roof leaks," replied the man, "and if it isn't fixed pretty soon, I'm goin' to move out." —*Protestant Voice*.

"... the comforts, the democracy, the pie."

"On the 8th of Oct, I went down in a valley with Capt. Chas Rigaud of the U S Marines. A small skirmish took place there. The valley was on Guadalcanal, but it might have been anywhere... just an episode in an insignificant battle." With these words JOHN HERSEY, staff writer for Time, author of Men on Bataan, begins a slim little book, Into The Valley (Knopf, \$2) recapturing the emotional essence of those brief jungled hours. The Council on Books in Wartime has made this the second of its "Imperative" selections (the first: W L WHITE's They Were Expendable.)

These men were not especial malcontents. But here they were, perhaps about to give their lives for their country, and yet exercising, until it nearly collapsed from being exercised, the right of free speech.

It was then that I asked something I had long been wondering about: "What would you say you were fighting for?"

One of the number spoke. "Jesus" he whispered "what I'd give for a piece of blueberry pie."

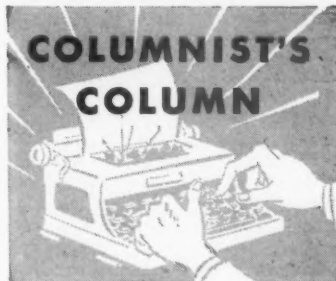
Another: "Personally, I'd prefer mince."

A third: "Make mine apple with a few raisins, a lot of cinnamon; southern style."

Fighting for pie. Here where they had lived for wks mostly on captured Japanese rice, pie was

their symbol of home. In other places there are other symbols. For some men, it is a good bottle of scotch whiskey. In other places, where there's drink, but no dames, they say they'd give their left arm for a blonde. For certain men, books are the thing; for others, music; for others, movies. But for all of them, these things are just badges of home. When they say they are fighting for these things, they mean they are fighting for home.

Perhaps this sounds selfish. It certainly sounds less dynamic than the Axis slogans. But home seems to most marines a pretty good thing to be fighting for. Home is where the good things are—the generosity, the good pay, the comforts, the democracy, the pie.



This Morale Problem RUTH MILLETT

It's easy to keep up the serviceman's morale when it means planning dances, handing out cookies, writing letters. But if giving them a break is inconvenient—then it's often a different thing.

A sailor, home on leave, had 3 wks to rent an apt for his wife and new-born baby. Everywhere he went it was the same story. Sure, they had an apt to rent—but not to a woman with a small baby—not even though her husband was out risking his neck for the landlords and all other civilians.

When he was turned down for 20th time—and by a woman who said it was "too inconvenient" to have children about, the sailor blew up. He said it hadn't been "convenient" for him to leave his wife to enlist in the coast guard, and less "convenient" to spend 12 mo's at sea. He told her it wasn't "convenient" for him to go back to sea duty, leaving his wife to face the difficult job of caring for a tiny baby alone.

He told her plenty.

It's too bad his speech—heard by only one landlord—couldn't have been heard by every landlord in the country. For servicemen all over the U S are running into the same problem. Nobody wants to rent to their wives, if they have children.

Yes, we love to "do things" for servicemen—things that aren't too difficult—especially if we have fun doing them.

But we aren't doing much about their real problems. It's time to get to work on those. Even if it is a little bit "inconvenient." Why not make a start by finding out if the families of servicemen are having a tough time finding places to live in our own community?—Condensed from Miss Millett's daily feature in Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

DRAMA—of War

Fine war plays—at least the ones that last—don't seem to get written during war days... I guess it takes peace to produce the real war play.—ASHTON STEVENS, Chicago American.

FAITH

We sing "Faith of Our Fathers" and remember our parents' religious devotion. Can our children honestly sing that? Will they have to alter the lines, "Faith of our Grandfathers, living faith"?—The Upper Room.

GEOGRAPHY

A shock to many Americans at war's start was the discovery that Moulmein, Mandalay, Rangoon were not fairy cities invented by Kipling, but real places. Newspaper copy readers have found the new names tough going. Just to play safe, a Mich paper recently reported: "Rommel's forces are in Dire Straits."—DAN STILES, "Why Not Teach Geography?", Harper's 5-43.

HUMOR—A Weapon

What worries Nazis is that critical jokes are being circulated in the army. The Russians, who consider humor an important weapon, question prisoners to learn what jokes are being passed around. Transcriptions are studied as indication of army's mood, and as guide in preparation of propaganda. The stories aren't very funny—but they are revealing. A sample:

Hitler, Goering, Goebbels arrive in heaven.

"How often have you lied?" St. Peter asked Hitler.

"Once."

"Then you must go once around heaven. And you, Goering?"

"Twice."

"You go around twice, then."

St. Peter turned to query Goebbels. The propaganda chief had ret'd to earth for a motorcycle.—PIERRE DUFONT, "The Weapon of Humor", Free World, 4-43.

News of the New

AGRICULTURE: A promising new low-cost disinfectant, now under test, may be the means of greatly bolstering our food production. Applied 200 lbs per acre, at 1 ft intervals, it has given excellent control against root-knot threadworms on various vegetable crops. The product is a mixture of dichloropropylene and dichloropropane, termed D-D mixture.

Rotene, the insecticide that kills cold-blooded life without harming humans, has been under strict gov't restriction, because of dwindling stores. WPB this wk removed the bars for gardeners purchasing in lb or pint lots. Formerly imported from Japan, it is now obtained in limited quantities from S America.

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INDUSTRY: Few civilians realize amazing short-cuts being developed daily in armament plants. One dramatic example: A new method of broach rifling of machine-gun barrels is accomplishing for \$3,600 a day, a job that formerly cost \$280,000; floor space reduced to 40 sq ft, against 320 sq ft. And the quality, too, is improved.

Noise is one of industry's great problems. Another step in solution was announced this wk with tests of a new-type ear mold of lucite, custom-made to fit each worker's ear. Reduces intense high-frequency noises, but permits wearer to hear conversations readily. Also shuts out flying balls of hot slag which threaten welders, chippers.

Helium gas, buoyant and nonflammable, is now being produced at rate 40 times greater than pre-war. One important post-war use will be in the welding of magnesium, new wonder metal for World War II. Magnesium would burst into flame while being welded, if not continually smothered by helium gas.

" "

MEDICINE: Newest application of the wonder sulfa drug is a form of chewing gum presented as a remedy for severe sore throat. It is a paraffin block incorporating sulfadiazine. Promises effective means of getting sulfa drug directly to the throat of patients suffering acute pharyngitis or tonsillitis.

You Can't Win

If a man runs after money, he's money-mad; if he keeps it, he's a capitalist; if he spends it, he's a ne'er do well; if he tries to get it without working for it, he's a parasite; and if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, people call him a fool who got nothing out of life.

—*Jersey Bulletin.*

LOVE

Love is a fire. But whether it is going to warm you hearth or burn down the house, you can never tell.—*Strand* (England).

MARRIED LIFE

When a woman said accusingly to her husband, "You don't love me as much as you did when we were first married," he stopped her by asking quietly, "Are you as lovable now as you were then?"—*The Vagabond.*

POST-WAR

You may be one of those who say, "Wait'll this war is over. Then we'll talk about post-war planning." But—you don't wind and set your alarm clock after you get up in the morning.—*Curtis Courier*, h m Curtis 1000, Inc.

" "

There are more than 500 groups in this country devoted to post-war planning. That isn't enough. We shall need 130 million post-war planners if we are really to get the job done. — CHAS F KETTERING, chairman, Nat'l Commission for Economic Development.

RADIO—Commercials

The sponsor will, we fear, have to get up one more pill—for that tired feeling from listening to vitamin plugs.—*Sen SOAPER.*

SCARCITIES

Irene Dunne finally broke down and consented to pose for some "leg art" stills at M-G-M. "But I can only show one leg" explained Irene. "I have only one nylon stocking left."—*LOVELLA PARSONS*, in her Hollywood col.

Confidentially thru a Megaphone

Our child labor laws, never adequate and varying widely with the states, now threaten complete collapse under pressure of war. Employers, facing manpower shortages, have been quick to seize upon and exploit the cheap labor of children in early teens. All over U S, boys and girls are leaving high school, even grade school, to take jobs at 20-30 cts an hr. Many labor at hazardous occupations far beyond 40-hr wk. Accident rate is appalling.

There's growing resentment among overseas fighting men because of belief that they are being eclipsed in rank by stay-at-homes. In Africa, young officers have coined caustic wisecrack: "Stay at home and get the stars; go abroad and get the scars." Basically, they don't criticize or object to practice of advancing officers on home front, but believe that men doing fighting are being overlooked.

Our forecast of some mo's ago that abandoned domestic dogs may "go wild" is fulfilled in various sections where wild dogs roam in packs of 100 or more, killing livestock and poultry. Many cases rabies develop from hunger, thirst.

Troy, N Y is first sizeable city to lift ban on raising chickens. Hens are okay, say city fathers, but no roosters. . . . When a rat ate 13 gas coupons belonging to G B Leigh, Dallas, Texas, he killed rodent, took it to ration board and offered to perform post-mortem. "Bury your rat" he was told. "All we need is an affidavit."

Gov't is having no easy time getting in 185,000 acres hemp, for which seed is available. Midwest farmers averse to trying new crop. Hemp, badly needed for rope, is narcotic weed *Cannabis sativa*, source of marihuana. Thus Bureau Internal Rev will police growing areas; register and check crops.

SELF INTEREST

A couple of majors on a mission that took them to a good many army posts in this country found that most of the men assigned to chauffeuring them drove with a true soldier's disregard of life and limb. When, at a midwestern camp, they were assigned a colored corporal who drove them at a conservative 30 miles an hour, they felt impelled to compliment him. The soldier acknowledged the commendation with a modest rejoinder. "Well, suhs," he said, "Ah, looks at it dis way—Ah's in diss-here jeep too."—*The New Yorker*.



By the coming August, our airplane production will hit 10,000 a month, if need be. Despite strikes, slowdowns, and mechanical and planning troubles, the nation's war production has grown so fast in the last yr that certain items, including tanks, ammunition—particularly bombs and powder—jeeps and other motor vehicles have become so plentiful that some suspension of their production is now expected.—*BASCOM N. TIMMONS, "Inside Washington," Chicago Sun*.

" "

The army, instead of accumulating a surplus of munitions, is so far from its needs that it will not be able to furnish all troops with basic equipment until late next year. There have been no huge accumulations of stores which could not be moved overseas. In point of fact we are still not free from difficulties in providing essential cargo for the shipping which is available to us.—*Lt Gen BRZHON B. SOMERVELL, chief, Army Service Forces*.

SUCCESS

Personally, we don't pretend to know the unfailing secret of success, but there are times when we are very much afraid that it is hard work.—*Dallas News*.



Big Jobs For Little Ships

The grim drama of invasion is ushered in with a stirring, action-brimming prologue. Little ships, nameless but vital, dominate the scene and play all of the principal parts against an impressive background of the major ships needful for a successful invasion effort.

The little craft—invasion barges designed to carry troops and tanks and supplies—form in a great circle around the ships they are to serve, chugging sedately in the light of early dawn. At a signal, they dash toward the bulk of large ships, fully equipped troops swarm over-side and into the barges with a speed denoting many full dress rehearsals. Offshore lies a great tank lighter, a ship designed to carry tanks and crews from here to the shores of there. Snorting tanks, under their own power, roll smoothly into the waiting barges clustered around her sides, and these—small ships again—set off to carry them ashore. There is no delay; men have trained for this moment!

The time interval is brief; the coordination perfect. The barges, perhaps under cover of blasting fire from the Naval units and an umbrella of bombers and fighters, head toward the shore with motors wide open—keeping perfect formation. They slide into shore, hinged bows drop neatly on the sand, the grim-faced men, alert, business-like, rush off and into cover, ready to go. The

tanks roar off across the dropped bow and surge ahead of the troops; a machine gun chatters angrily and the guns of the tanks, sinister, precise, answer.

The invasion has started.

The job of the little, husky invasion barges is not finished. Indeed, it has just started. They make endless trips to the bigger ships, bring in jeeps and peeps and heavy trucks; gasoline, water, munitions, food, hospital supplies.

The big cargo and transport ships, the long, useful, vital tankers, the heavy tank lighters—these have performed their dangerous mission. They have brought, as close as possible, the men, munitions, equipment vital to a successful invasion. But, they can go just so far. From then on, it's up to the little ships. They will and do perform superlatively because they were built to perform in that exact manner in American shipyards.

They are, perhaps, expendable. No single one of these small and nameless craft will ever go down in history surrounded by fame. There's nothing imperishable about what they do or what may befall them. They are not named and sometimes they lack even the doubtful honor of having a number.

But, they do the job they were built to do.—*From Ships, mag of Nat'l Council of American Shipbuilders, 3-'43*.

VICTORY GARDENS

"Weeds and other rank vegetation upon real estate in said city are hereby declared to be a nuisance."—*From a section of the City Ordinance, Kalamazoo, Mich. (Victory gardeners will doubtless concur.)*

" "

No unemployment insurance can be compared to an alliance between man and a plot of land. Go get yourself a Victory Garden—and then work at it!—*HENRY FORD, in Ford Field*.

WAR—Devastation

If the war lasts 2 or 3 yrs longer, Continental Europe will be destroyed. . . It is quite possible that half the pre-war population will have been exterminated. Of those alive, a large portion will be diseased, half-starved, half-demented, crushed and twisted beyond reclamation. The mental and physical state of the children alone will constitute one of the most horrible of post-war situations.—*LOUIS ADAMIC, "Passage to the Future," Rotarian, 3-'43*.

A Soldier Speaks

So you're sick of the way the country's run,
 And you're sick of the way the rationing's done,
 And you're sick of standing around in a line,
 You're sick, you say—well, that's just fine.
 So am I sick of the sun and the heat,
 And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
 And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies,
 And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise,
 And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek,
 And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak,
 And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive,
 And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive.
 I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din,
 I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin,
 And I'm sick of the slaughter—
 I'm sick to my soul,
 I'm sick of playing a killer's role,
 And I'm sick of blood and of death and the smell,
 And I'm even sick of myself as well,
 But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule,
 And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool,
 And I'm cured damn quick when I think of the day,
 When all this hell will be out of the way,
 When none of this mess will have been in vain,
 And the lights of the world will blaze again,
 And things will be as they were before,
 And kids will laugh in the streets once more,
 And the Axis' flags will be dipped and furled,
 And God looks down on a peaceful world.
 —MAUDE HARGET in the *Washington Times-Herald*.

"They say that meat-eaters are more active than vegetarians."

"Well, they have to be—to get the meat."—*Oral Hygiene*.

Good Stories

YOU CAN USE...

A stable boy who had been loud and lusty in praise of the fleet feet of a potential Ky Derby entry, was approached by the hireling of a rival stable. "Black boy" said the challenger, "Ah axes you, who is de sire ob dat won'erful colt, you speaks so highly ob? Ah craves me to know, who is his pappy?"

The braggart was only momentarily taken aback.

"Well, t' tell you de truth" he rejoined, "dis heah colt is so fas—an' he done run away from home so quick—he nevah learned his pappy's name."—*The Vagabond*.

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

NATE GROSS

"The Town Tattler"

Two members of the Randolph St Post & Paddock Club didn't get started for Sportsman's Park soon enough Saturday, so they hailed a cab and decided on a subterfuge, because taxi-drivers aren't supposed to drive you to a race track.

"You know that undertaking parlor at 26th and Cicero" said one to the driver. "Well, take us there."

The two sportsmen then started a conversation concerning the character and good deeds of the "deceased". Together, they kept the ball rolling, rather well pleased with their extemporaneous inventions, until at length the cabbie broke in.

"Say" he said, "you fellows had better get out at the next block if you're going to the race track."—*Chicago American*.

Two WAACs were being followed by a lone G I. Finally one could stand the suspense no longer. Turning to the soldier she ordered, "Either quit following us or go get another soldier."—*Rangefinder*

A woman telephoned to reserve a table at the Little Boheme restaurant, identifying herself to the proprietor as the woman who once locked herself out of her car and whom he had gallantly assisted in prying open the car window.

When she arrived, she found the table ready and neatly carded: "Mrs Locked Car—9 covers."—*JUNE PROVINES, Chicago Sun*.

" "

"Now that we're married" said the groom, with a certain air of superiority, "perhaps I'll be permitted to point out a few of your defects."

"It won't be necessary" was the reply of his loving bride. "I know them too well. They kept me from getting a better man than you."

WISECRACKS

of the Week

A man is never so weak as when some woman is telling him how strong he is.—*Hobo News*.

" "

A wolf is a goon who takes out a sweater girl and tries to pull the wool over her eyes.—*BENNETT CERF*.

" "

Propaganda is something you don't agree with.—*Torrington (Conn) Register*.

" "

"A hole dug directly from New York would come thru at Hobart, Tasmania." Surely, though, there are less arduous ways of getting the stuff to MacArthur.—*Sen. SOAPER*.

A minister, ill, asked his wife to take his temperature. By mistake, she put a barometer into his mouth. When she took it out, he asked, "How does it read?"

She answered, "'Dry and windy!'" —*Methodist Potestant Recorder*.

